

A Choice

COLLECTION

Of all the

SONGS,

Sung this Season, at

**VAUXHALL, RANELAGH, MARYBONE-
GARDENS, SADLERS-WELLS, &c.**

BY

**Mr. Beard, Mr. Lowe, Miss Brent, Miss
Catley, Miss Plenius, Miss Young, Miss
Poitier, &c. &c.**



L O N D O N:

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Ernest R. Gay
Raton

A Choice
COLLECTION of SONGS.

A New Song, Sung by Miss Plenius, at Marybone garden.

YOUNG Strephon, the artful, the dangerous swain,

My Love and Esteem has attempted to gain,
With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,

He thought to seduce one more innocent maid,

But apriz'd of his power, of my weakness aware,

I baffled his schemes and avoided the snare,

For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,

When I gather'd a Rose, to beware of the Thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd,

For his heart by those tears, and those oaths he disguis'd,

What presents he brought me, I chose to decline,

(The prodigal bounty of art and design,)

He coax'd and he flatter'd but flatter'd in vain,

And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain,

Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to scorn,

Tho' I fancied the Rose, yet I dreaded the Thorn.

He wantonly boasted what Nymphs he had won,

What credulous beauties his arts had undone,

He swore that his faith should inviolate be,

That his heart and those fair ones were victims tome,

But I told him those victims that faith I despise,

And from such examples wou'd learn to be wise,

That I would never prostitute virtue to scorn,

Or smell at a Rose to be hurt by a Thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer ashamed of his guilt,

Was his passion on virtue not wantonness built,

Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,

I cou'd fancy I own, I cou'd fancy the swain,

But

But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to trust,
And folly to think he can ever be just,
So I'll stifle my flame and reject him with scorn,
Least I grasp at the Rose, and be hurt by the Thorn.

A New Song, Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone gardens.

MY temples with clusters of Grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of Wine,
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the Fair,
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair,
For what mighty charms can be found in a Glass,
If not fill'd to the health of a fav'rite lass.

'Tis woman whose charms every rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart,
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway,
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed,
While age in an extacy hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board,
I'll fill up a brimmer and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover and pledge me who dare.

A New S O N G.

MY Banks they are turnish'd with Bees
Whose murmurs invite one to sleep,
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health does the mountains bestow,
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare bells and violets grow,

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tondrills of woodbines is bound,
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet briar twines it around,
 Nor my fields in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold,
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire,
 To the bower I have labour'd to rear,
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there,
 Oh! how sudden the jessamin strove,
 With the laylock to render it gay,
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune cruel branches away.

From the plains from the valleys and groves,
 What strange of wild melody flows,
 How the nightingales warbles their loves,
 From thickets of roses that blow,
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join,
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As she may not be lost to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood pigeons breed,
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'was a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true she aver'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young,
 I loved her the more when I heard,
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with pity unfold,
 How that pity was due to a dove,
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she called it the sister of love.
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak and whatever she say,
 Methinks I could still Love her more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain,
 Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs,
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise.
 Dear regions of silence and shade,
 Soft Scenes of contentment and ease,
 When I could have pleasantly stray'd,
 He nought in her absence could please.

But where did my Phillida stray,
 And where are her grottoes and bowers,
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the Shepherds as gentle as ours,
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine,
 The Swains may in manners compare,
 But their Love is not equal to mine.

The Way to keep him. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

YE Fair who shine thro' Britain's Isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart,

For once attentive be a while,

To what I now impart,

Would you obtain the Youth you love,

The precepts of a friend approve,

And learn the way to keep him.

But soon as nature had decreed,

The bloom of Eighteen years,

And Isabel from school is freed,

Then beauty's force appears,

The youthful blood begins to flow,

She hopes for Man and longs to know,

The surest way to keep him.

But when the pleasing pain is felt,

Within the lover's breast,

And you by strong persuasions melt,

Each wishing to be blest ;

Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,

With prudence lure the happy boy,

And that's the way to keep him.

At Court, at Ball, at Park or Play,
 Assume a modest pride,
 And least your tongue your mind betrays,
 In fewer words confide;
 The Maid who thinks to gain a mate,
 By giddy chat will find too late,
 That's not the way to keep him.
 In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
 That bane to all the sex,
 Nor let the arts of dear Spadille,
 Your innocence perplex,
 Be always decent as a bride,
 By virtues rules your reason guide,
 And that's the way to keep him.
 But when the nuptial knot is fast,
 And both its blessings share,
 To make those joys for ever last,
 Of jealousy beware:
 His love with kind compliance meet,
 Let constancy the work compleat,
 And that's the way to keep him.



A New S O N G.

WHAT Shepherd or Nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,
 Since Silvia no longer is here,
 My flocks if at random they stray,
 What wonder since she's from the plains,
 Her hand they were wont to obey,
 She rul'd both the Sheep and the Swains,
 Can I ever forget how we stray'd,
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill,
 There sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the Thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of Lambs from the fold,

How oft would I spy out a charm,
Which before had been hid from my view,
And while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips how they grew,
How oft the sweet contest would last,
'Till the hours of retirement and rest,
What pleasures and pains each had pass'd,
Who longest had lov'd and who best.

No changes of place or of time,
I felt when my fair one was near,
Alike was each weather and clime,
Each season that checquer'd the year,
In winters rude lap did we freeze,
Did we melt on the bosom of May,
Each morn brought contentment and ease,
We rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask,
She had all the kind Gods could impart,
She was natures most beautiful task,
The despair and the envy of art,
There all that is worthy to prize,
In all that is lovely is dress'd,
For the graces were throng'd in her eyes,
And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

Bellisle March, or the Review. Sung at Marybone gardens

Mr. LOWE.

ALL Hail to the King,
That in Youth's early spring,
Such a promise of Glory displays;
May his Race still extend,
Freedom's Cause to defend,
And the Fame of Old England to raise;
May our Edwards of Old,
And our Harrys so bold,
In his issue again and again be renew'd;
That our Sons of the Main,
May their Empires maintain,
And Commerce in safety pursu'd.

Miss Catley,

With many a Scar,
Behold from the war,
The brave Legions of Briton advance;
From Minden they came,
Swell the Fife, beat the Drum,
From Minden the Terror of France:
See the brave hardy Grew,
As they pass in Review,
How they smile on their King's Royal Train;
When these their looks say,
Call us forth, we obey,
And we'll fight all our Battles again.

Miss Plenius.

From the East to the West,
Briton's Valour confess,
Standeth first on the Records of Fame;
Let Williamsdort's Plain,
And the borders of Spain,
British Faith, British Courage proclaim;
From the dangerous Sword,
Of Oppression restor'd,
Fair Freedom again shall display;
In safety her Wings,
For protection, while Kings,
Grateful Homage to Britain shall pay.

Miss Smith.

The Feats that were done,
By Phillips mad Son,
Were but Trifles, to Glories like these,
For Ambition he fought,
And the Lust only fought,
Of his Blood thirsty Rage to appease;
But Britons more brave,
Draw the Sword, but to save
From such Tyrants, the Rights of Mankind
And the Weapon again,
When their end they obtain,
Is in Peace to the Scabbard consign'd.

Mr.

Mr. Lowe.

A full flowing Glasse,
 Now to Granby we'll pass,
 And to each valiant Leader beside;
 Nor forget the brave Crew,
 That with Heart firm and true,
 For their Country all Danger defy'd:
 Let the Drum beat a charge,
 And the Nation at large,
 Reach the wide vaulted sky with their Song,
 'Till Ecco, the Sound,
 From the Grotto rebound,
 And the loud Gratulation prolong.



The Happy Lovers.

Sweet scented nosegay's to my love,
 Unto my dear I'll send,
 To keep her in remembrance;
 Until we meet again,
 Sweet Lavender is for Lovers,
 Oft times they meet again,
 And Rosemary is for remembrance,
 Until we meet again.
 Sweet marjoram's for maidens fair,
 Because they are so sweet,
 And pansy is for Batchelors,
 Because they are so neat,
 All Sage is for subsistence,
 Whilst other things grow green,
 And Fennel is for flattery,
 You may well know whom I mean.
 Small pinks are painted on my breast;
 All in my heart so deep;
 And cowslips is for counsellors,
 For mine they ne'er shall keep.
 Small pinks are painted in my breast,
 Like violets in a grove.
 My conscience will not let me rest,
 Until I find my love. **B**

Upon a hill of primroses,
 Where pleasant trees do grow,
 To find my true love day and night,
 I wander'd to and fro,
 Of damask Roses all so sweet,
 I made a Garland fine,
 But oh! these dainty flowers all,
 Will no ways cure my mind.
 At last my Eyes began to close,
 Sleep did upon me creep,
 Amongst the violets I laid down,
 And there I fell asleep,
 And dreaming that my own true love,
 Was standing by my side,
 With a willow wand all in his hand,
 And thus to me he cry'd.
 Oh fairest virgin hear my moan,
 For three months and above
 I have the world been ranging round,
 For the loss of my love,
 I have the world been ranging round,
 Resolved not to stay,
 Until I find my true love out,
 Which I have done this day.
 Strait I awoke, and soon I found,
 While I did take my rest,
 My true love he lay on the ground,
 With his hand upon my breast,
 Just as I dreamt so did he beg,
 I would his pains remove,
 At length my trembling heart did grant,
 To him my faithful love.
 Then Strephon kiss'd a thousand times,
 The lovely charming fair,
 While many pretty little birds,
 Were singing in the air,
 Then hand and heart they both did join,
 With blessings from above,
 And now this couple unconfin'd,
 Enjoy the sweets of love.

The Inconstant Fair.

HOW can you lovely Nancy so cruelly fligh',
 A swain who is wretched when banish'd your sight,
 Who for your sake alone, thinks life worth his care,
 But which soon if you frown on must end in despair.
 If you meant thus to torture, O why did your eyes,
 Once express so much softness and sweetly surprize,
 But their lustre inflamed I could not believe,
 As they shew'd such mild influence they e'er could deceive.

But alas! like the Pilgrims bewilder'd in night,
 Who perceives a false splendour at a distance invite,
 Overjoy'd he hastes on, pursues it and dies,
 Like ruin attends me if away Nancy flies.

O forget not the raptures you felt in my arms,
 When you called me an angel and unveil'd your charms,
 When you vow'd lasting love and I wore with a kiss,
 That in my embraces was centur'd your bliss.

Fairest, but obdurate, consider that woe,
 Like sickness neglected will more desperate grow,
 That your heart may relent I implore the kind powers,
 Since I'm constant as your sex, be not fickle as ours.

A New Favourite Song.

IN infancy our hopes and fears,
 Were to each other known,
 No sordid interest then appears,
 Affection rules alone,
Affection rules alone,
 It's friendship ripen'd with our youth,
 The fruit was gather'd there,
 Bright wisdom and fair blooming truth,
 Subdued every care.

Ah! happy, more than happy state,
 Where hearts are twin'd in one,

Yet

Yet few so rigid is our fate,
May wear the tender crown.

By one rude touch the roses fall,

And all their beauties fade,

In vain we sigh, in vain we call,

Too late is human aid.

The Way to keep her.

YE youthful train, Britannia's boast,

That feel love's pow'rful smart,

To gain the fair esteem'd the most,

The muse shall here impart :

These maxims by the wise approv'd,

Shall teach to win the fair, belov'd,

And learn you how to keep her.

When first you wear the pow'rful chain,

When first its influence feel;

With modest awe confess the pain,

In tender sighs reveal;

Nor dress with eloquence your tale,

In nature's garb 'twill most prevail,

And scarce can fail to win her.

The fair of merit will despise,

The coxcomb's idle prate;

Who swears that on her lips and eyes,

Alone depends his fate.

But manly sense and native truth,

Must be the language of the youth,

Who ever hopes to win her.

When Hymen shall your hands unite,

Make her your bosom friend,

And let not in the husband's right,

The lover's fondness end,

To ev'ry virtue still be kind,

To ev'ry trifling error blind,

And that's the way to keep her.

A Hint to the Fair Sex, Sung by Mr. Lowe,

A GAINST the destructive wiles of man,

Your hearts (ye fair one's) guard;

Their only study's to trapan,

And play a trickster's card,

With strange delight, poor women they flight,

'Amuse, cajole, belye:

Hence girls, beware! look sharp, take care,

For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus, man, like him of old,

A thousand forms will take;

His venal soul is all for gold,

A crocodile, or snake,

See his dire thread, this spider spread,

To catch the female fly;

Hence girls, beware! look sharp, take care,

For men are wond'rous fly.

A Porcupine, by rage inspir'd,

At Nymphs he darts his quills,

A Basilisk, by frenzy fir'd,

His glance, like poison kills,

With fraudulent arts, he steals their hearts,

Then throws the baubles by;

Hence girls, beware! look sharp, take care,

For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet,

In one wide spreading train,

Of constancy, of faith to treat,

And virtue's spotless train,

To find a youth renown'd for truth,

Whole ages we might try,

Hence girls, beware! look sharp, take care,

For men are wond'rous fly.

A New SONG.

TO woo me and win me, and kiss and all that,
Young Colin tript over the plain,

He

He saw me he blush'd and play'd with his Hat,
 And I bid him return back again,
 Then he cried Phillis to my cottage repair,
 I pray now be kind to your swain,
 Will you grant me a kiss, you may take it I said,
 But pray never attempt it again.
 He squeez'd and he dart, and he gave me no pain,
 I sigh'd and I sigh'd till he kist me again,
 Such balmy sweet kisses what maiden could bear,
 I never once thought any danger was near.
 He tiez'd and he toy'd while he stole my fond heart,
 I found in his transports my bosom took part,
 Such balmy sweet kisses what maiden could bear,
 I never once thought any danger was near,
 His hand on my bosom he would carelessly lay,
 Swearing all the while he could nothing but play,
 So I let him play on while no more I could bear,
 I never once thought any danger was near,
 Come all you young damsels be ruled by me,
 And throw of your fondling and keep yourself free,
 For when Damon, when Damon, when Damon appears,
 When prudence comes late then your danger is near.

A New Song. Sung by Miss Brent, at Ranelagh.

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
 And rears its beauties to the sun,
 With heav'n born tints of Iris' bow,
 While low, the violet springs beside,
 As in the shade it strives to shun,
 The hand of some rapacious foe.
 Of worth intrinsic, small the store,
 That from the tulip can arise,
 When parted from its glowing bed,
 While hid the violet charms the more,
 Like incense in its native skies,
 When cropt to grace the virgin head.
 Then think ye fair ones, how these flowers,
 Are wrought in nature's various robe,

Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
 Your virgin dignity o'er pow'rs,
 The heroes of the conquer'd globe,
 But sweet compliance makes ye wives.



A New S O N G.

YOU say at your feet, that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel, was ever so fair,
 How could you believe all, such nonsense I spoke,
 What know you of angels, I meant it in joke.

I next was indicted for swearing to love,
 When nothing but death could my passion remove,
 I liked you a twelvemonth a calender year,
 And yet not contented, have conscience my dear.

With conscience you say that our sex are endu'd,
 And men they too often are apt to intrude,
 If your love be no more than a calender year,
 If you are contented I am so my dear.

Farewell my Pastora, no longer your swain,
 Quite sick of his bondage, could suffer this chain;
 Then arm not your brow, with such haughty disdain,
 For my heart leaps with joy, that it's once free again,

We live like the birds in the tenets of May,
 Was never more blithsome more frolick and gay,
 When charm'd with a nymph we ne'er met before,
 It is twenty to one if we e'er meet them more.



A new Song. Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

WITH Woman and wine I defy every care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air,
 Each helping the other in pleasure we roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens the soul.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them,
 I care not how much they my measure decline,
 Let them have their own humour and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd it will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring tide of life and the fuel of love,
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine
 Then come my dear charmer thou Nymph so divine,
 First pledge me with kisses next pledge me with wine,
 The giving and taking in mutual return,
 The torch of our love shall eternally burn.
 But should thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with my love,
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break and demolish my glass.



A New Song, In the Way to keep him.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.
 Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar,
 The music in doth they are both apt to jar,
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly nor play'd on to much.
 The Sparrow and Linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow fond by your kindness, and come at command,
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts like young birds may be tam'd at your will.
 Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind,
 'Tis there that the wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.



SAWNEY turn'd Barber.

WELL, wonders sure will never cease,
 Thank G-d we've got a glorious Peace,
 That commerce, arts and wealth increase,
 We owe to Scot the barber.

But this you'll say is all a hum,
 He oft has whip'd Brittannia's bum,
 But see his finger and his thumb,
 He now has turn'd her barber.

In vain may Wilkes for glory strive,
 And keep the Patriot alive,
 Poor liberty can never thrive,

Since Sawney's turn'd the barber.
 The witty world has caught the whim,
 He cuts so close, he shaves so trim,
 The devil cannot cope with him,
 With Sawney Scot the barber.

His trade is grown to such a pitch,
 No wonder now he's got so rich,
 So let the industrious catch the Itch,
 And that will be the barber.

He's trim'd the nation, trim'd the —
 Both France and Spain his praises sing,
 And blythely well all Scotchmen sing,
 Since Sawney turn'd the barber.

The greatest Lady in the land,
 Can see with pleasure Sawney stand,
 And lather muckly at command,
 And that she thinks the barber
 So clean he moves his instrument,
 The nation stares at the event,
 And ev'ry man wou'd be content,
 Were he like Scot the barber.

Can thistles in old England grow,
 I mean the Scotch, once 'twas not so,
 Which makes each briton cry oh! oh!
 How closely shaves the barber.
 But tho' he here can trim so well,
 The Devil other tales can tell,
 So soon may Sawney shave in hell,
 "My eye! 'twill be the barber.

Woman for Man, Addressed to the Batchelors.

WINE, wine we allow the brisk fountain of mirth,
It frights away care and gives jollity birth,
Yet while we thus freely great Bacchus approve.
Let's pay the glad tribute to Venus and love,
For do what you will, nay or say what you can,
Who loves not a woman the wretch is no man.

Cho. For do &c.

To the charms of that sex let us chearful resign,
Our youth and our vigour they're better than wine,
There's merit I own in a gay sparkling glass,
But can it compare with a lovely kind lass,
No it cannot compare you may say what you can,
Who prefers not a woman the wretch is no man,

Th'enchancements of beauty what force can repell,
Th'eyes pow'rfull magic the bosoms soft spell,
The look so endearing the kind melting kiss,
Th'enjoyments of love are all raptures and bliss,
Then who woman refuses rejects nature's plan,
He may say what he will but the wretch is no man:

May scandal, misfortune and direful disgrace,
Be the portion of all th'effeminate race,
Like Britain what nation on earth can they find,
Whose nymphs are so fair, so inviting and kind,
Then who women refuse, or reject nature's plan,
May they suffer like brutes, nor be pity'd by man.

From a striking example my moral shall spring,
Who'd act like a man, let him copy his King,
Like George in his youth, the gay spring tide of life,
Let ev'ry good fellow now take him a wife,
When by Hymen you're blest securely for then,
You'll have nothing to do, but to prove yourselves men

Cho. When by Hymen, &c.

A New S O N G.

AT Clapham, (opposite the Sun,
 A lovely nymph my heart has won,
 And after whom I'll ever run,
 Her name is Betsey Giver,
 And tho' my suit she doth deny,
 And scorns for one to give a sigh,
 Yet to win the heart, I'll ever try,
 Of charming Betsey Giver.

The river Thame I've often cross'd,
 Amidst the sharp and coldest frost,
 (And like Leander, on high been tost,)
 To see my Betsey Giver,
 Was it rough as the Ocean main,
 And as wide as Salisbuary plain,
 I'd venture through, the love to gain,
 Of lovely Betsey Giver.

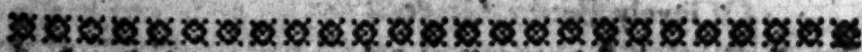
A Proverb she repeats of old,
 That hottest Love is soonest cold,
 But mine for her shall always hold.
 I doat on Betsey Giver,
 The Sun it shall forget to move,
 And scorn to shine in Field or Grove,
 If ever I forget to love,
 My pretty Betsey Giver.

Perhaps she'll say this is a lie,
 That I've another in my eye,
 There is not one that can outvie,
 My comely Betsey Giver
 Tho' full of flatt'ry this may seem,
 I speak no more than I do mean,
 In love I am and ever been,
 With graceful Betsey Giver.

What shall I do to make her know,
 That she is all I crave below,
 Thro' Fire and Water I would go,
 To serve my Betsey Giver,
 Again she'll think my theme not true,
 But great deal more I would go through
 (If I was sure 'twould bring her to)
 For my sweet Betsey Giver,

Lend me your aid ye tuneful Nine,
 Let eloquence adorn each line,
 That I may gain this nymph divine,
 My adored Betsey Giver.
 For till she's mine I ne'er shall rest,
 Upon my word I do not jest,
 She's the only fair one I love best,
 I sigh for Betsey Giver.

Dearest Betsey change your mind,
 In Hymen's bands let us be join'd,
 A faithful friend then me you'll find,
 So come my Betsey Giver,
 No discontent you e'er shall know,
 But peace and plenty round us grow,
 Thousands shall wish for to live so,
 As me and Betsey Giver.



A New Song. Sung by Mrs. Y O U N G.

MY fond Shepherds of late was so blest,
 Their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the day,
 But hark what a scene must appear,
 Must the sweet rural pastures be o'er,
 Shall the tabor, the tabor, no more strike the ear,
 Shall the dance on the green be no more.

Will the flocks on the pastures be led,
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad,
 Shall the looms be all stop'd in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road,
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
 And shall commerce grow sick of her tide.
 Must religion, religion expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by his side.



A Burlesque on the fond Shepherd.

MY Companions of late were so blest,
 The kind lassies so happy and gay,

At a Tavern they'd frolick and frisk,
 And all night at a Bagnio they lay,
 But oh! what a scene must appear,
 Must the pleasure of rambling be o'er,
 Will F----- no more lend an ear,
 Will he pardon our doxies no more.

Must the Girls all in couples be led,
 Must the Youth go all fighting abroad,
 While our hearts beat as heavy as lead,
 No mirth can the earth now afford,
 Must the taxes increase on our beer,
 Not a club in the week to be found,
 Shall the Landlords all break in one year,
 Shall all pleasure expire on the ground.



The Thing, A new Song.

FINE songsters apologies too often use,
 When call'd on I'm ready to sing;
 With hums, or with haw's ne'er attempt to refuse,
 And egad, Sir, I'll give you the Thing, the Thing,
 And egad, Sirs, &c.

Conceited our beaux arm in arm walk the street,
 In idleness take their full swing;
 Each levels his glass, when a Lady they meet,
 And if handsome, they swear she's the Thing.

Thus at Smithfield the Jockey his Nag will commend,
 What a shapely whay, she's fit for the King;
 He's sound, wind and limb, on the word of a Friend,
 And for Spirits——He's really the Thing.

With smile of self-interest the Landlord imparts,
 Butt entire I always do bring:

Old Stingo I know that will cherish your Hearts,
 And in Flavour indeed 'tis the Thing.

See Jeany and Jockey to Playhouse repair,
 Miss Brent, to hear warble and sing;
 Pretend to be Musick they praise ev'ry Air,
 With a vow and protest she's the Thing.

The

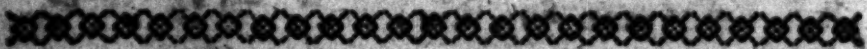
The Sportsman with Joy views the Hare in full speed,
 With ecstasy hears the Sky ring;
 With cry of the Hounds, and each neighbouring steed,
 And in transport he cries 'tis the Thing.

The prude her own person consults in the glass,
 Admiring her finger and ring;
 Then concludes that her Beauty all others surpass,
 And that man must confess she's the Thing.

Jack Tar full of glee to the Garden did stroll,
 In search Sirs, of nothing but Ling;
 There boards on Moll Jenkins, and swears by his soul,
 She's rigg'd fore and aft, quite the Thing.

The Parson well pleas'd, trims the smoaking Sirloin,
 And sily leers at the Pudding;
 Lord bless me, he cries, how nobly I dine,
 O Pudding and Beef is the Thing.

But clasp'd in the Arms of a good-natur'd Fair,
 With mutual embraces we cling;
 That enjoyment alone dispells every care,
 Which you all must a'low is the Thing.



A New Song, Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

I Like the man whose soaring soul,
 Is generous and refin'd,
 Whose passions act beneath controul,
 With love and honour join'd,
 The oak by woodbines on the plain,
 Encompass'd and caress'd,
 Is not more stedfast in its reign,
 Nor is more sweetly dress'd.
 The frothy sons of vice and show,
 Like shadows and like noise,
 Have nothing in themselves we know
 That sober sense enjoys,
 But pure and constant love endears,
 And feasts both ear and sight,
 While every thing that virtue fears
 Can give no true delight.

ALLY and DAVIE. A New Song.

Dear Ally, I love thee, I hope there's no harm in that
 You are so witty, so pretty, so charming that
 Whenever I see thee my heart goes pitty-pat,
 And I grow lean and dry, w ho was once sleek and fat.
 Save me, save me, dear Ally, save me ;
 For I will hang myself if you won't have me.

I'm grown a mere sloven, who once was a flirting fop,
 And my coal black hair, oh ! you'd take it for a dirty mop,
 My face is parched like an over done mutton chop,
 Which won't of gravy afford you one single drop,
 Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy,
 So thin and dry, oh ! looks your poor Davie,

When first I was ask'd to drink with Ally dear,
 I put on my currie stone buckles and solliteer,
 And call'd to the barber, and cry'd, Shave me fir, d'y'hear,
 I'll give you sixpence to drink it in ale and beer.
 Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me,
 And make spruce and fine before you leave me.

Oh ! then to the place of appointment I hurry'd me,
 Where your bright eyes so surprisngly worry'd me ;
 From that very hour I thought of no other she,
 And I most humbly do crave you my bride to be.
 Crave you, crave you, oh ! how I crave you,
 Will you a comfort be to your poor Davie.

O then will you have me ? you dear little knave you,
 I will your husband be, and never leave you,
 My Sir-name is Dupe, my Christen-nanie Davie,
 And when we are marry'd we'll go to Glanavy,
 Navy, navy, go to Glanavy,
 Who'll be so happy as Ally and Davie.



Joy after Sorrow.

A Sailor walking in the fields,
 To see what pleasure Flora yields,
 Where a pretty maid stript in her smock,
 Was busy a raking all round the haycock,

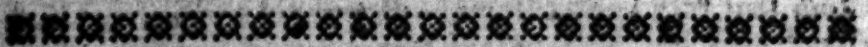
He said fair maid lay down your rake,
 And go with me to yonder wake.
 With rings and ribbons and other fine things,
 He did entice her to go with him.

With kisses sweet and words so kind,
 To go with him she had a mind;
 She put on her gown and lay by her rake,
 And went with the sailor to see the wake.

And when they came unto the wake,
 He treated her with wine and cake,
 He gave her ribbons rings and gloves,
 And so he gain'd the fair maids love.

When twenty weeks were gone and past,
 Her rosy cheeks quite alter'd was,
 She curs'd the hour and the day,
 She went with the sailor and left her hay.

The sailor said he must and would,
 To comfort her do all he could,
 They marry'd were without delay,
 Blessing the hour she left her hay.



A New S O N G.

ALL you that love promotion boys,
 Chear up your british hearts;
 For to plough the ocean,
 Into foreign Parts,
 To you I will discover boys,
 All with a chearful look,
 For now our danger is over boys,
 That we once undertook.

The fourteenth of December last,
 From Spithead we set sail,
 Kind Neptune did convey us,
 With a sweet and pleasant gale,
 We had orders to weigh anchor,
 Which stuck fast in the ground,
 From thence to meet and join the fleet,
 That lay in Plymouth sound.

Our Captain sent an order on board,
 Young girls we did beguile,
 Before we did return again,
 We got fifteen with child,
 Now we have done our duty brave boys,
 We have left those girls to cry,
 While we are plowing the ocean,
 They may sing lul a baby by.

There's fifteen girls at Scarb'rough,
 There is five and forty more,
 We left with child at Portsmouth,
 Which makes up just threescore;
 So adieu you girls at Portsmouth,
 And adieu to Plymouth sound,
 May the Gods above preserve my love,
 For we are to America bound.

If these girls should be brought to bed
 And they should prove all boys,
 And for to plough the Ocean,
 They'll make a roaring noise,
 On board a ship as we have done,
 And we will the French pursue,
 The girls will say when we sail away,
 Long live the whole ship's crew.

We thank you all kind gentlemen,
 Your wine is strong and good,
 We thank you for our water boys,
 And likewise for our food:
 And since there is no biding here,
 We can no longer stay,
 For we are to North America bound
 The French to kill and slay.

When we came to Madeira road,
 The weather it prov'd hard,
 At length we weigh'd our anchor,
 Which made our hearts full glad;
 These cowardly dogs of Frenchmen,
 They would no longer fight,
 We set their houses on fire,
 And they run away by the light.

The new fangled Hat.

IN holiday gown and new fangled hat,
 Last Monday I tript to the Fair,
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for why,
 Young Roger I guess'd would be there.
 He woo'd me to marry whenever he met,
 The honey flower dwells on his tongue,
 He hug'd me so close, and kiss'd me so sweet,
 I would, I would marry if I were not too young.
 But still I assure you he held up the bay,
 Young Susan would fain be his bride,
 Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
 And swore she would not be deny'd,
 A topknot he bought her, and garters so green,
 The girl was confounded and stung,
 I lov'd so much, that for anger and spleen,
 I would, I would marry if I were not too young,
 He whisper'd such soft pretty things in my ear,
 He flatter'd, he prest, and he swore,
 Such trinkets he gave me, such trinkets and geer,
 That fill'd my pockets all o'er,
 Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
 And sweetly the sonnet he sung,
 In truth he's so witty, so handsome and kind,
 I would, I would marry if I were not too young,
 The Sun just a setting, it's time to retire,
 Our Cottage was distant a mile,
 I rose to be gone, Roger bow'd like a 'Squire,
 And handed me over the stile;
 His arms he threw round me, love was in his eyes,
 He led me the Meadows along,
 I trembled and sigh'd, and could not tell why,
 When I found, when I found, that I was not too young.

CH E A R up English hearts, and your liberty prize,
 Let no heroes of Scotland throw dust in your eyes,
 Be staunch in your rights: Hark to liberty's call,
 Then for Freedom, dear Freedom stand up one and all.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S,

Then chorus, my lads in defence of your fruit,
 Like heroes and wise-men,
 Drive cyder excise-men,
 For Englishmen scorn to be tax'd by a B——
 Our Fathers were free, and sure acted more wise,
 In opposing the schemes of Cyder excise:
 That were sons of those men, every Scot must agree,
 Farewell dear Pomona, if we are not free,
 Then Chorus, my Lad's, &c.

This root is stuff'd out with Scotch malice and pride,
 And endeavours to set Magna Charta aside;
 But I hope more like Wilkes 'gainst oppression will rise,
 And propose noble schemes to repeal B——'s excise.

To protect England's right we have George on our side,
 Shall tyrants of Scotland brave Englishmen guide,
 Such servile encroachments South Britons despise,
 A fig then for B—— and his Cyder excise.

How weak is the force of a Scottish command,
 While Wilks, Pratt and Parker for liberty stand,
 Like liberty's sons all united agree,
 Let them die in slavery that dare not be free.

The name of excise struck such terror and fear,
 It blasted the trees, that no fruit doth appear,
 No tax on my rich Pomona, she cries,
 Then burn the old Boot, and repeal the excise,
 Then Chorus my Lads, &c.

The French Prophet, or a Touch of the Times.

I Am an old Prophet, and newly come over,
 To tell you the truth, I was born in France,
 Last Monday was se'nnight I landed at Dover,
 The truth is the truth, and is no romance:
 Then cheer up your hearts, your spirits raise,
 And remember the nation is now in its prime:
 Then let us be jolly, and drown melancholly,
 I warrant, brave boys, we have golden times.

When the name of cuckold is quite forgot,
 And Wheat shall be sold for a groat a Coomb ;
 When drunkards forget to handle their pot,
 And the city of London is joined to Rome :
 When Vintners neglect to use their Chalk,
 And Poets forget to make their rhimes ;
 When Pimps are all rotten, and whoring forgotten,
 When conscience is prized more than gold,
 And the tower of London runs upon wheels ;
 When fractious old Women forget to scold,
 And the Monument has a fine ring of Bells :
 When Norwich Castle goes to Christ Church,
 And all for to hear St. Peter's Chimes ;
 When Lovers leave lying, and Birds leave off flying,
 When Cucumbers grow upon Sycamore Trees,
 And knavery is turn'd out of doors ;
 When a Miss of the Town refuses a crown,
 And swearing and lying is used no more :
 When a Quack doth come to visit a Whore,
 And the kingdom of England is all in one mind ;
 When Pigs forget grunting, and Cats ride a hunting,
 When Landlords they refuse their Rents,
 And Taylors make their Bills too short ;
 When Bakers make their Bread too large ;
 And are made to stand in the Pillory for't :
 When Welchmen eats no toasted Cheese,
 And Scotch OEconomy rings in Chimes,
 When Cats leave their wauling, and Children cease
 bawling, &c.
 When Malice and Envy is laid quite aside,
 And Honesty lov'd by rich and poor ;
 When Charity's lov'd more than Pride,
 And Millers forget to take Toll any more :
 When Sailors refuse to take their Pay,
 And the Rich to the Poor grow loving and kind ;
 When Women leave washing, and Cows go a fishing,
 When Maids chuse a single Life.
 And will not be Married at twenty Years ;
 When Eels have got Legs like Shoemakers Pegs,
 And Willow Treas bear Warden Pears :

When Sugar and Salt are both of a Tasse,
 And Misers become both free and kind;
 And Gandlemas falls on the Eleventh of May,
 When Houses are with Pancakes til'd,
 And Vinegar runs like Water Springs;
 When Mankind are all of a Mind,
 And England is blest with a King or a Queen,
 When Cocks ride out in Boots and Spurs,
 And Mackerel are catch'd without Net or Line;
 When the cheats of the nation are quite out of fashion,
 When Paul's Church goes for a Man of War,
 Mann'd with old Women to fight for the Nation;
 When Bakers forget to gripe the Poor,
 And whoring is clearly out of fashion;
 When Beaus they do a hunting ride.
 And Winter is past without frost or rhime:
 These Things they may be, but few will them see,
 Until the Devil is grown lame and blind.



The Englishman's desire to know why the French come here.

YOU monsieur ragou I pray tell me why,
 You leave your own nation and hither do fly,
 If your country is so fine as you do pretend,
 I wonder you come to trouble our land.
 Our old English trading I am sure you do spoil,
 With your tea and fine fashions you do us beguile
 Of our money you cheat us to make you look grand,
 And they that incourage you ought to be hang'd.
 Your French king's not acted according to law,
 For the part of our right is in his tiger's paw,
 You may blush with confusion with shame and disgrace,
 If you had but conscience you would all quit the place.
 Our trading would flourish all over the nation,
 Before you came here we were in a happy station,
 I am sure that our troubles will never be over,
 Till you are sent packing to hell or to Dover.

The

The A N S W E R.

YOU natives of England I pray lend an ear,
Come listen a-while to the tale of Monsieur,
I will shew you the reason why we do come,
Because we do live better here than at home.

Our pope is so strick't and our clergy such villains,
We give them a groat out of every shilling,
They keep us so poor and we suffer severe,
Which makes us all choose for to come over here,

We oftimes hear talk before we come here,
Of your English roast-beef your veal and good chear,
To tell you the truth without any dispute,
We are tir'd of living on soup and on roots,

When first in old England we do shew our faces,
Then strait we are convey'd to some noblemen's places,
Your gentry loves to be flatter'd I swear,
Your English poor is all fools I declare,

We know how to flatter, cologe and dissemble,
With a pollevoe France our tongues they run nimble,
We are prefer'd to high places our wages ne'er grudges,
Your English is fit for nothing but drudges.

If our ladies is old and ugly is grown,
We will make them dress gay and swear a pampune,
If miss is hump-back'd and ordinary as grassney,
We'll swear she is sweet and charming as Nanny.

When you know how to flatter and can us out do,
Your quality will not believe we are true,
Instead of diet we are forc'd to eat hay,
Then to our own nation we'll all pack away.



The Happy Shepherd.

DOwn by a pleasant fountain where crystal streams do flow
Hard by a lofty mountain, where pretty flowers grow,
I heard a pretty Shepherd making of his mean,
With a pipe and tabor playing to himself alone;
His voice made the vallies ring, he sung so sweetly,
Of all the lasses on the plain, Molly's the girl for me.

Her breath's as sweet as roses, her lips are cherry red,
 A thousand pretty posies I'll seek to crown her head,
 The cowslip and the violet and lillies mix'd with thyme,
 I'll make a garland for her, when summer's in its prime,
 If she would grant me love for love, how happy should I be,
 Ye nightingales and linnets, who do sit and sing,
 More sweeter than the spinnet, or musick play'd on strings,
 Bear witness of my sorrow, for Molly is unkind,
 What grief I do go thro', the anguish of my mind,
 Come mourn with me, you pretty lambs, since I for love
 do die.

Ye murmuring brooks assist me, ye willows blow your heads,
 Since Molly has oppress'd me, my heart's as cold as lead,
 Whene'er I send a letter, to tell her of my pain:
 Alas! I'm ne'er the better, she does my suit disdain,
 Death strike thy dart, and ease my smart, that I may
 happy be,

THE ANSWER.

*Y*oung Molly was a milking beneath a shady tree,
 She left her cow and milk pail, and came most speedily;
 She cry'd, do not complain, I'll grant thee thy desire,
 She kindly gave a loving kiss, which set his heart on fire,
 My dear, (said she) since you love me, in love we'll both agree;
 Of all the lads that trip the plain, Johnny's the lad for me;
 No more let tears of sorrow, drown thy charming eyes,
 We'll be join'd to-morrow, before the sun doth rise;
 Love, thou shalt have thy Molly, and she will have her John;
 Let dad and mam, do all they can, in love we'll still be one;
 Here's my hand, and here's my heart, I'll ever constant be;
 Of all the lads that trip the plain, Johnny's the lad for me.
 His heart being thus revived, he flew into her arms,
 Saying, My dearest Molly thy captivating charms;
 If thou had'st still proved cruel, you'd ended then my life;
 But sorrow now I banish, since thou wilt be my wife.
 'Tis pleasure past expressing, to think thou wilt be mine,
 And true-hearted Johnny, for ever shall be thine.

Thus in kind soft endearments, they pass away the hours;
 Seated upon a pleasant bank, adorned with fragrant flowers,
 Viewing

*Vowing eternal constancy, while their lives do last,
And in their extacy of joy, forget all sorrows past:
Then at the last they wedded, and lead most happy lives.
Then at the last they wedded, and lead most happy lives.*



A New S O N G.

COME fill your glasses round,
For the liquor of life it is Claret,
It will make you look youthful and gay,
And prate like any Parrot.
It will serve to keep out the cold,
And pledge every good fellow,
You see tho' I am grown old, grown old,
My temper is youthful and mellow.

You may see by my habit I wear,
I never was brought up to spinning,
Nor to milk the Cows in the yard,
But always wore good linnen.
If any one ask my name,
The price will be but a shilling,
You see tho' I am grown old, grown old,
My temper is youthful and willing.

You may see by my wrinck'ed face,
That I never was used to pining,
Pray why should I wrinkle my brow,
And spend my Days in whining.
I love to be youthful and gay,
And think no more of my folly,
You see tho' I am grown old, grown old,
My temper is youthful and jolly.

You may see my country old fare,
I always lov'd good Claret,
And when that the Liquor is in,
I can prate like any Parrot.
I can please the girls to the life,
As well as any young fellow,
You see tho' I am grown old, grown old,
My temper is youthful and mellow.

F I N I S.